



TOASTS

COMPILED BY
MARGARET WATERS



BARSE & HOPKINS NEW YORK COPYRIGHT 1909 By BREWER, BARSE & CO. I think we had the chief of all Love's joy's,
Only in knowing that we loved each

Only in knowing that we loved each other. —George Eliot.

號 號

The woodnymphs, decked with daisies trim

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
—Milton.

10 M

Here's to the Auto—may we hear its toot,
In time to scoot.

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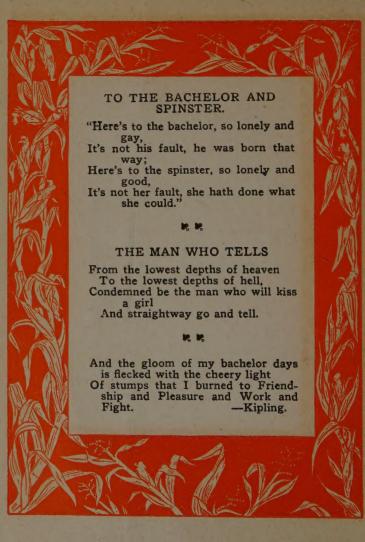
"Fair, good, rich and wise is a woman four stories high."

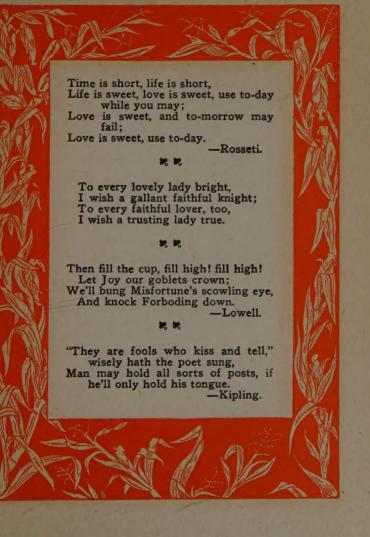
—French.

-rrenc

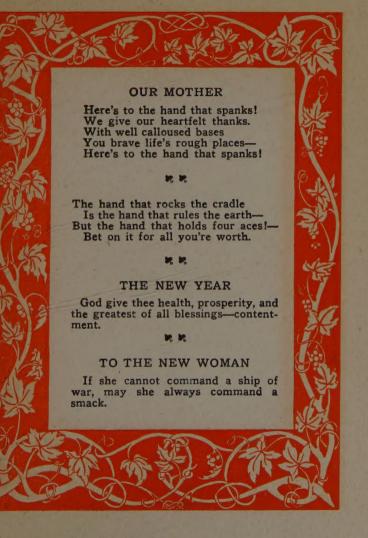
1 80

Let us wipe out the past, trust in the future and rejoice in the glorious Now.











Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant over our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee.

—Lowell.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

Pa Pa

How sweet 't will be, though joys are thwarted,
And smiles rebuked by sorrow's sigh,
To think, however friends are parted,
At least that friendship cannot die!
William Winter.

Here's to the land which gave me birth,

Here's to the flag she flies, Here's to her sons—the best of earth, Here's to her smiling skies.

Here's to a heart which beats for me, True as the stars above,

Here's to the day when mine she'll be,
Here's to the girl I love.

M M

Come fill a bumper, fill it 'round. May mirth, wine and wit abound. In them alone true wisdom lies—For to be merry's to be wise.

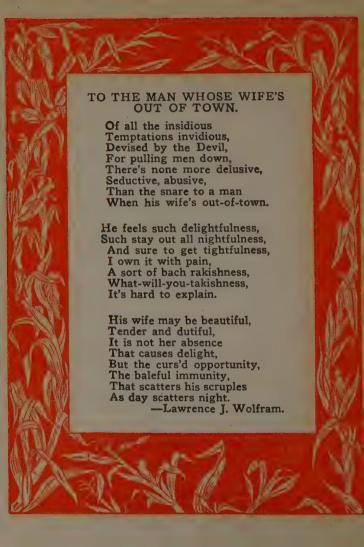
R R

Here's to woman, whose heart and whose soul

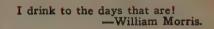
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;

Whether sunned at the tropics, or chilled at the pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness too.







界 界

A health to our sweethearts, Our friends and our wives, And may fortune smile on them The rest of their lives.

X X

Here's to God's first thought, Man!
Here's to God's second thought,
Woman!
Second thoughts are always best,
So here's to Woman!

28

The miser may be pleased with gold, The sporting beau with pretty lass; But I'm best pleased when I behold The nectar sparkling in the glass.

May those who are discontented with their own country, leave their country for their country's good.



Here's to the land of the shamrock so green:

Here's to each lad and his darling colleen:

Here's to the ones we love dearest and most:

And may God save old Ireland—that's an Irishman's toast.

36 36

"From four things God preserve us: a painted woman, a conceited valet, salt beef without mustard, and a little late dinner."

—Italian.

15 15

The woods are full of fairies,
The sea is full of fish;
But the thing I want is a woman,—
And that's a manly wish.

15. 15.

Here's to our hostess. Her face would stop a clock. It is so fair, That time would long to linger there. Here's to the widows, too dainty to touch,

And here's to their bonnets and ruches and such,

And here's to the shy Little twist of the eye;

A toast to the widows! they all know so much!

36 36

TO WINE

There are no sorrows wine cannot allay,

There are no sins wine cannot wash away,

There are no riddles wine knows not to read.

There are no debts wine is too poor to pay.

—Le Gallienne.

16 K

TO MARRIAGE

Here's to the wings of love,
May they never moult a feather
Till your little shoes and my big boots
Are under the bed together.

Here's to the man who is wisest and best,

Here's to the man who with judgment is blest.

Here's to the man who's as smart as

I mean the man who agrees with me.

果 民

If life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee:

My thoughts by day, my dreams by
night
Are but of thee, of only thee.

—Tom Moore.

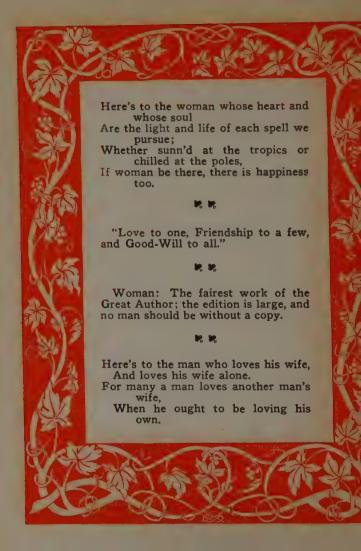
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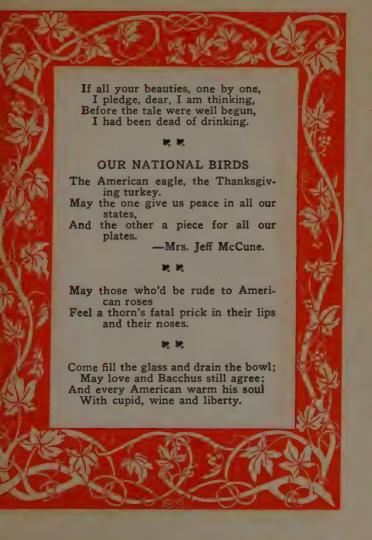
I drink to one, and only one,—
And may that one be he
Who loves but one, and only one,—
And may that one be me!

R, R

Here's to a good girl—not too good, For the good die young, And we don't like dead ones.







'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life rolls by with a song;
But the man worth while is the man
with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

12 H

Let's be gay while we may
And seize love with laughter.
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after.

Here's to the tears of affection. May they crystallize as they fall, and become pearls, in after years in memory of those whom we have loved.

80 80

"Win her and wear her if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures, Heaven's best gift, man's joy and pride in prosperity, man's support and comfort in affliction."

-Shelley.

Here's to you two and to we two;
If you two love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we four.
But if you two don't love we two
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we two and no more.

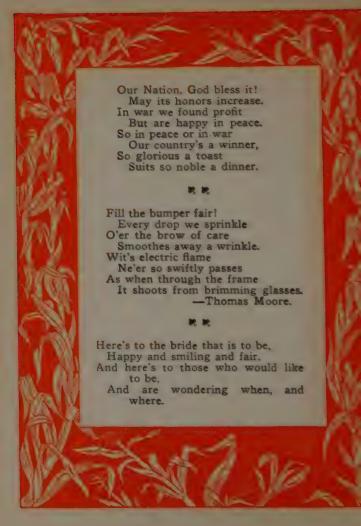
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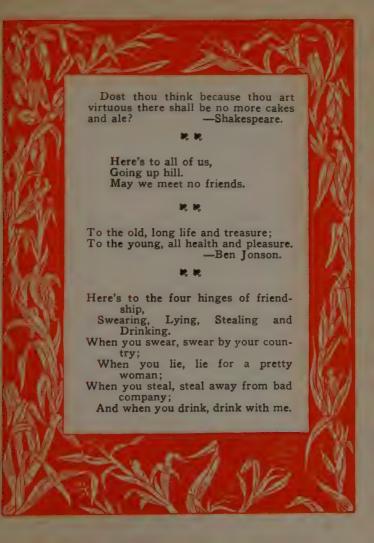
Here's to the girls that will lie for us; Here's to the girls that will die for us; Here's to the best of our lives; Drink, boys, to our wives.

* *

Here's to the Garden of Eden,
Which Adam was always a weedin',
Till Eve, by mistake,
Got bit by a snake,
Who on the ripe pippins was feedin'.
Then a longing it seemed to possess
her
For clothing sufficient to dress her;
And ever since then it's been up to
us men

To pay for the dresses—God bless





Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're lighting a weed?

—Kipling.

30. 30.

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down today.

—Kipling.

R R

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.
—Byron.



Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A drum was memento mori;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

—Burns.

And after summer evermore succeeds

The barren winter with his nipping cold.

—Shakespeare.

r, r

"Man may be the head of the family, but far better than that, woman is the heart of it."

—Punch.

r, r,

Here's to the halo that crowned her head.

When at her feet I tarried, And here's to the hats she wears instead.

Since she and I were married.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look at me;
I ne'er found nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
—Sheridan.

30. M

Many merry Christmases, many Happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last for all of us.

-Charles Dickens.

19. 19.

Here's to the ships of our navy and the ladies of our land.

May the former be well rigged and the latter well manned.

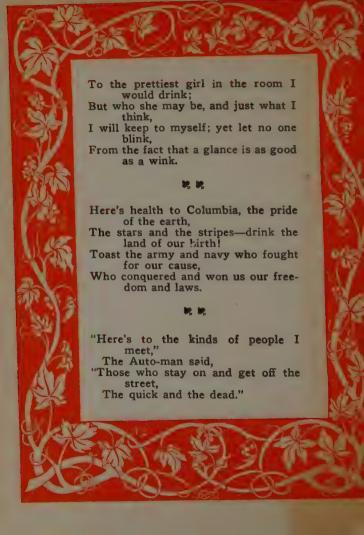
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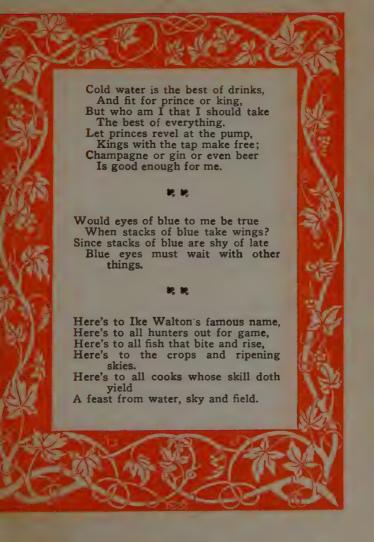
Fill a glass with golden wine, And the while your lips are wet, Set their perfume upon mine and forget

Every kiss we take or give Leaves us less of life to live.









Here's to sweethearts—the morning glories of life, the first real flowers that we gather in the garden of existence.

—John Earnest McCann.

R, R

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead.

Act,—act in the living present.

—Longfellow.

We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,

To loves as gay and fleeting As bubbles that swim on the beaker's

brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

—Hoffman.

Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and chisel, and pen,
We will work for ourselves and a woman, forever and ever, Amen!

—Kipling.

The Indian with his pipe of peace Has slowly passed away; But the Irishman with his piece of pipe Has come prepared to stay.

RICHARD CARLE'S TOAST

Here's that you may live a hundred happy years,
And I may live a hundred less one

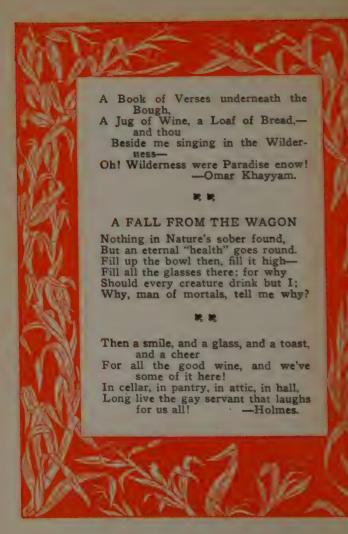
For I don't care to live any longer, When you good fellows have all passed away.

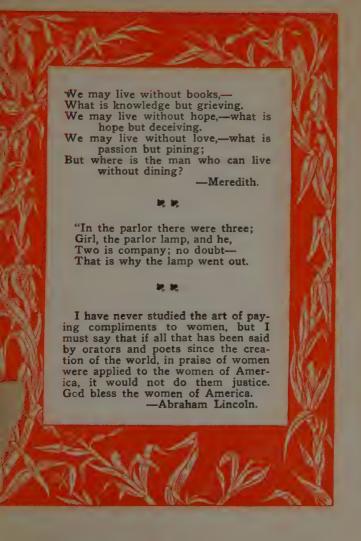
All care to the wind we merrily fling, For the damp, cold grave is a dead sure thing!

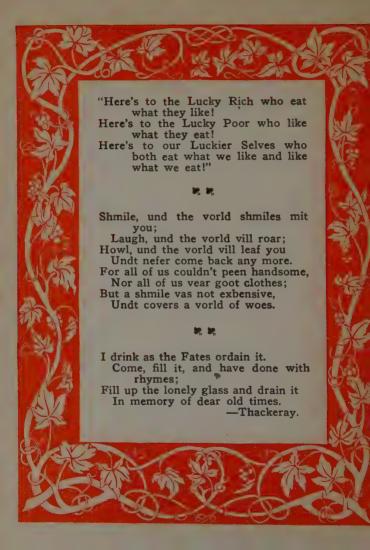
It's a dead sure thing we're alive tonight

And the damp, cold grave is out of sight.

(Toast of the Vampire Club.) -Tarold.









RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Here's to the girl with the red hair, white skin and blue eyes.

May her colors never fade.

M M

Here's a health to the Future,
A sigh for the Past.
We can love and remember
And hope to the last.
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart
We can never grow old.

2 R

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And the same flower that blooms
today,
Tomorrow may be dying.

—Herrick.

Our country, our whole country and nothing but our country.

A glass is good, and a lass is good, And a pipe to smoke in cold weather:

The world is good and the people are good,

And we're all good fellows together. —O'Keefe.

25 25

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends
For certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

r, r

A TOAST TO BEER

Let's drink the liquid of amber so bright:

Let's drink the liquid with foam snowy white:

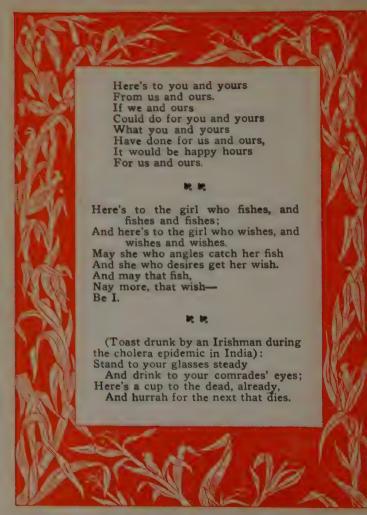
Let's drink the liquid that brings all good cheer;

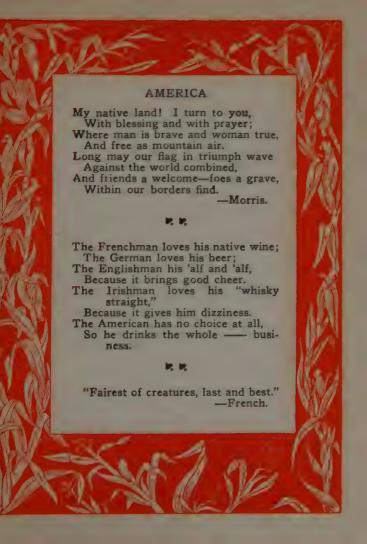
Oh, where is the drink like old-fashioned beer?

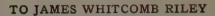
12 12

The queen of all islands is Erin, the blest.

—Moore.







"It kan't be long, Jim Riley,
'Fore ye've got to leave the toil
Of this short life to mingle
With the elements of soil.
But ye'll make the old earth richer
Than she ever was before,
By the songs ye sung her children
In the happy days o' yore.
And she'll sing your old-time ditties,
With gladness full and free,
Of the olden, golden glory
Of the days 'at ust to be."

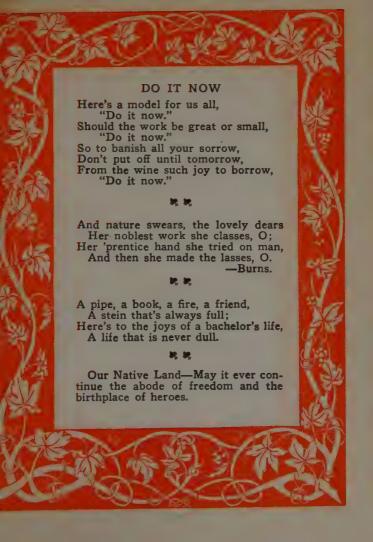
-Fowler.

"There is a vast difference between wishing and winning. Many a good man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been."

M. M.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love.

—Shakespeare.



O! might I kiss those eves of fire. A million scarce would quench desire: Still would I steep my lips in bliss. And dwell an age on every kiss: Nor then my soul should sated be; Still would I kiss and cling to thee:

Naught should my kiss from thine dissever:

E'en though the numbers did exceed The vellow harvest's countless seed. To part would be a vain endeavor; Could I desist?—ah! never—never! -Byron.

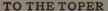
There once was a brawny Scotch laddie

Who said as he put on his pladdie, "I've had a braw dish Of unco' guid fish."

What had he had? Had he had haddie?

-B. C. D., Boston, Mass.

Here's to the land we love, and the love we land.



A fig then for Burgundy, claret or Mountain,

A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;

But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,

The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish."

—Thomas Hood.

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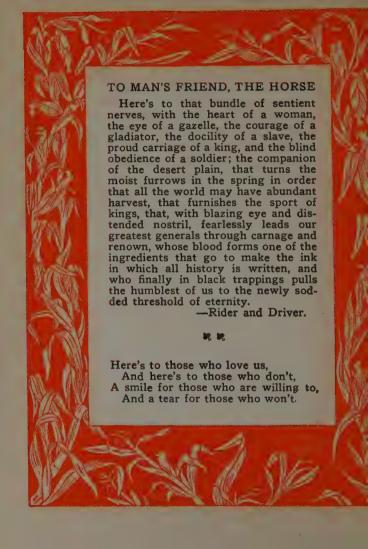
He said when first he saw me
Life seemed at once divine;
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine;
Sometimes a voice in sleeping
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he'd waken weeping—
Do you really think he did?
—Charles Swain.

N. IN

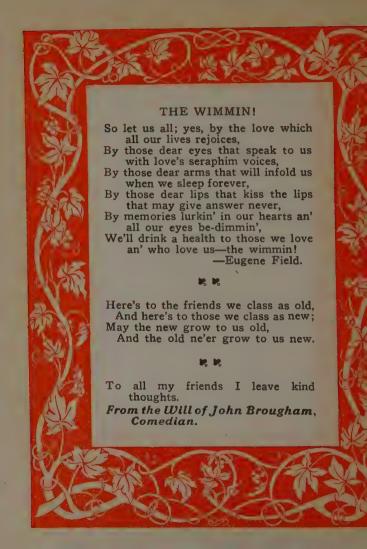
"They are fools who kiss and tell,"
Wisely has the poet sung.

Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.

--Kipling.









Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir:

Now to the maid who has none, sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eves.

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;

Now to her that's as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let em be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,

And let us e'en toast them together.

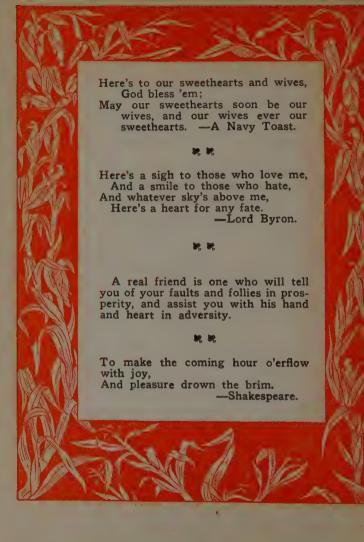
—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

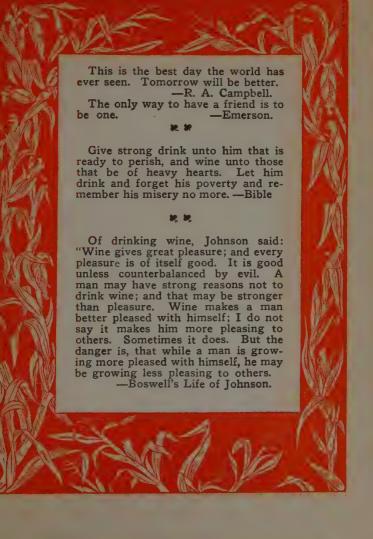
A RECIPE.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of ruby lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets.
(Be particular in this);
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can.
—W. S. Gilbert.

r, r

We'll drink tonight with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the breaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.





The best of happiness, honour and fortunes keep with you.

—"Timon of Athens."

K K

Bitter indeed must be the cup that a smile will not sweeten.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.
—Samuel Johnson.

M. M.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and And bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds,
What e'er the liquid be,
And may the cherubs on its face,
Protect me from the sin
That dooms me to those dreadful words,
"My dear, where have you been?"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Where we love is home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,

Though o'er us shines the jasperlighted dome:—

The chain may lengthen but it never parts!—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

15. 15.

Make one person happy each day and in forty years you have made 14,-600 human beings happy for a little time at least.

19. 19.

To believe in men is the first step toward helping them.

r r

Love is the only good in the world. Henceforth be loved as heart can love, or brain devise, or hand approve.

—Browning.

2 20

Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

-Shakespeare.

I am thinking of you today because it is Christmas and I wish you happiness, and tomorrow because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness and so on through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters, or find the time to write them, but that makes no difference, the thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad without pretense, and in plain words, good-will to you is what I mean, in the spirit of Christmas. -Henry van Dyke.

R R

May you live all the days of your life.

—Swift.

R 25

Fill the cup and let it come,
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.
—Shakespeare.

ACROSTIC

To them ,blest weed, whose sovereign wiles

O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles.

Best gift of Love to mortals given! At once the bud and bliss of Heaven! Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee:

Content the serf in they sweet liberty.

O charm of life! O foe to misery!

R R

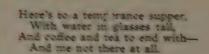
O lady there may be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RR

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on.

-Abraham Lincoln.





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Here's to the girl who's bound to win Her share at least of blisses. Who knows enough not to go in When it is raining kisses.

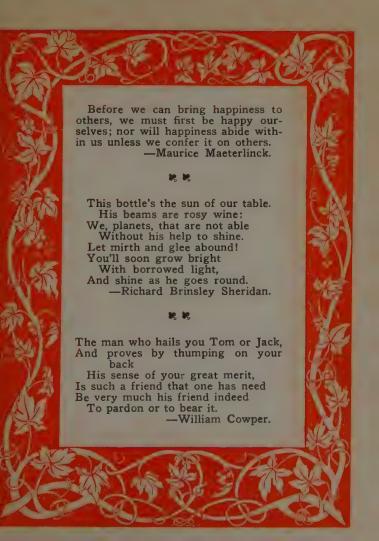
36 SE

Here's to the girl I love the best.

It ought not to be hard to guess it:
For I raise my glass and gaze at one
Who loves me but won't confess it.

R R

Take away thy rosy lips
Rich with balmy treasure!
Turn away thine eyes of love.
Lest I die with pleasure!
What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning!
Love the cloudless summer's sun.
Nature gay adorning.



Here's to Fraternity! With all the word conveys of want relieved,
Of friendship, help and sympathy,
both given and received.
Comrades of all the world, we stand,
as men full oft have stood,
But pledge, instead of King or State,
the Bond of Brotherhood.

r r

If the world is going wrong,
Forget it!
Sorrow never lingers long—
Forget it!
If your neighbor bears ill-will,
If your conscience won't be still,
If you owe an ancient bill,
Forget it!

16 16

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen; Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately: what is life then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad.

20 20

Joy, gentle friends, joy! and fresh days of love accompany your hearts.

—Shakespeare.

35 35

Here's to the smoke that curls in the

Here's to the dog at my feet;

Here's to the girls that have gone before,—

Gad! but their kisses were sweet!

30, 30

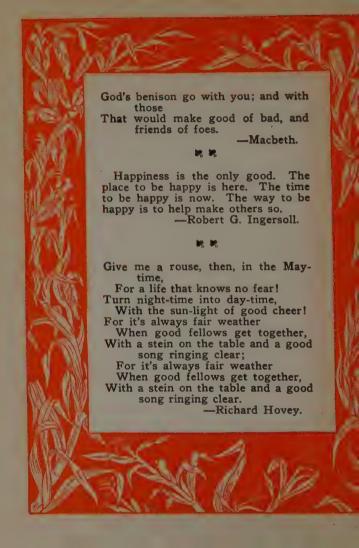
There are snow peaks in your heart, And the grayness that is cold.

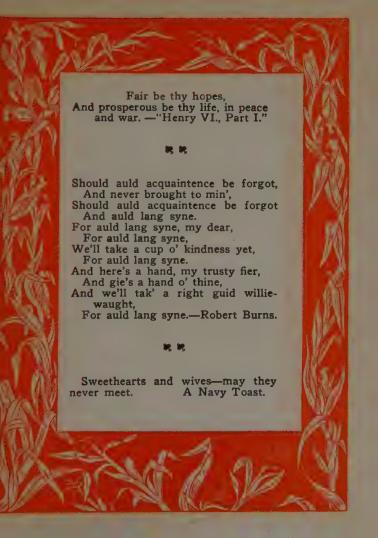
But wisdom comes with loving, sweet,

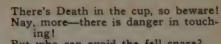
And all your moods my love can meet-

Because my love is bold.

—Lucine Finch; "Two in Arcadia."







But who can avoid the fell snare? The man and his wine 's so bewitching!

民民

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'er flow,

And honours Masonic prepare for to throw:

May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and Square

Have a big-belly'd bottle, when harass'd with care! —Robert Burns.

K K

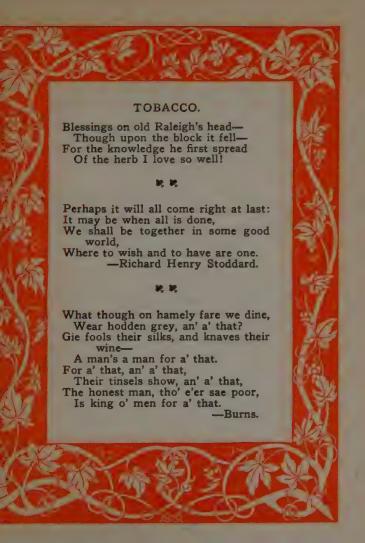
Three B's there be, three busy B's, Together go always:
Two of them cater to my ease,
The third curtails my days.

The twain are comrades staunch and true

The other makes me ill:

The Bottle and the Bird are two,

The third B is the Bill.



Sav. why did Time His glass sublime Fill up with sands unsightly. When wine he knew. Runs brisker through. And sparkles far more brightly? Oh, lend it us. And, smiling thus, The glass in two we'll sever. Make pleasure glide In double tide. And fill both ends for ever! Then wreath the bowl With flowers of soul The brightest wit can find us: We'll take a flight Towards heaven to-night. And leave dull earth behind us. -Moore.

號 號

Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, an encouragement for every hope.

-Sainte Foix.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends. —Henry Ward Beecher.

M M

At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.

36 36

Some take their gold in minted mould, And some in harps hereafter, But give me mine in tresses fine, And keep the change—in laughter.

30 Mg

Though confidence is very fine,
And make the future sunny;
I want no confidence in mine,
I'd rather have the money.

20

Hand Sorrow! Care will kill a cat—therefore let's be merry.

MY PIPE.

When love grows cold, thy fire still warms me;

When friends are fled, thy presence charms me.

If thou art full, though purse be bare, I smoke, and cast away all care!

—German Smoking Song.

R R

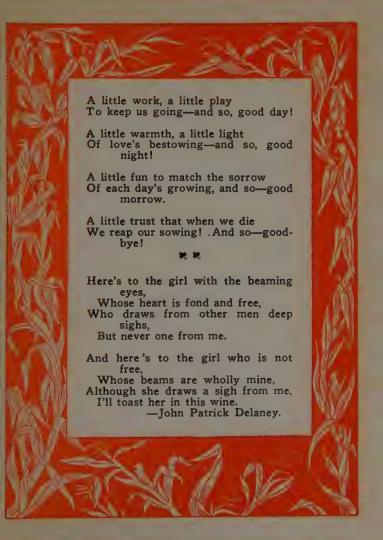
Friendship is a word, the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm.

—Augustine Birrell.

R 80

MY CIGARETTE.

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper press'd,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
—Isaac Hawkins Browne.



The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;

I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low:

But a club of good fellows, like those that are here.

And a bottle like this, are my glory and care. —Robert Burns.

10 M

Yesterday 's yesterday while today 's here,

Today is today till tomorrow appear, Tomorrow 's tomorrow until today 's past,

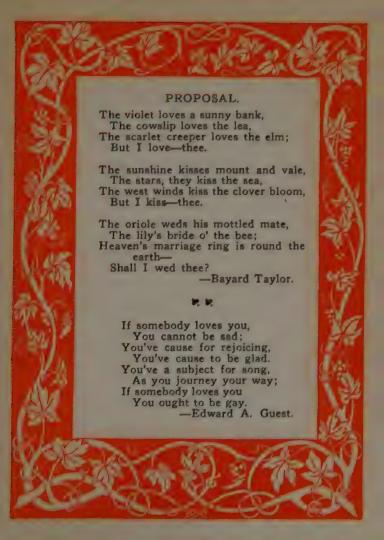
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

The cares of the day, old moralists say.

Are quite enough to perplex one: Then drive today's sorrow away till tomorrow,

And then put it off till the next one.

—Charles Dickens.



Come! fill a fresh bumper. For why should we go While the nectar still reddens Our cups as they flow. Pour out the rich juices Still bright with the sun. Till o'er the brimmed crystal The rubies shall run. -Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Notably fond of music. I dote on a sweeter tone Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has known.

When I wake at five in the morning. with a feeling in my head

Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed:

And a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside.

And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide-

How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall

At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall! -Eugene Field.

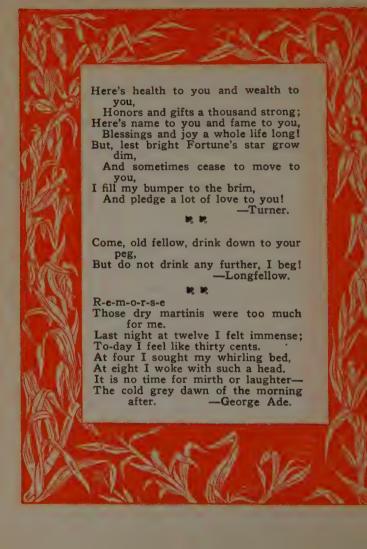
We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old Friends,
There's open house for you!

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.
—Richard Hovey.

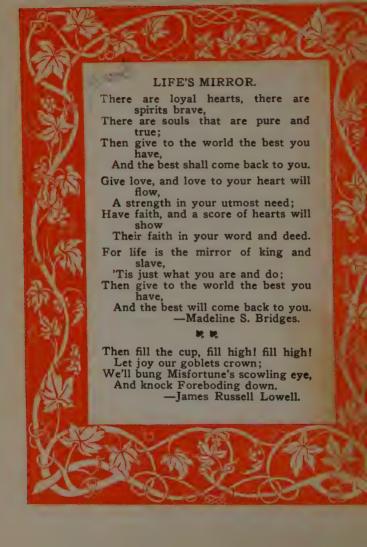
M. W.

I do not care so much where, as with whom, I live. If the right folks are with me I can manage to get a good deal of happiness in the city or in the country. After all, a palace without affection is a poor hovel, and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace for the soul.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.









One bumper at parting! Though many
Have circled the board since we met,

The fullest, the saddest of any

Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth

That seldom, alas! till the minute

It dies, do we know half its worth!

But oh, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,

They're born on the bosom of pleasure.

They die in the tears of the cup!

Now, boys, just a moment! You've all had your say,

While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.

We've to asted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives.

We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;

'Tis one in a million, and outshines the rest:—

Yea of all of the toasts I deem it the best.

Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others,—

But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to "Our Mothers!"

Come fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,

Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;

I've tried the endearments and witchcraft of love,

And found them but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

Truce with your love! no more of your love:

The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove. —Robert Burns.

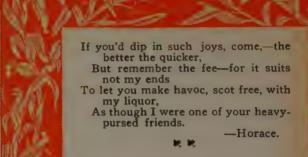
36 SE

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being
shines,

To warm the wilds with love, From barest rock to bleakest shore Where farthest sail unfurls, That stars and stripes are streaming

That stars and stripes are streaming o'er—

God bless our Yankee girls!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity

fling.

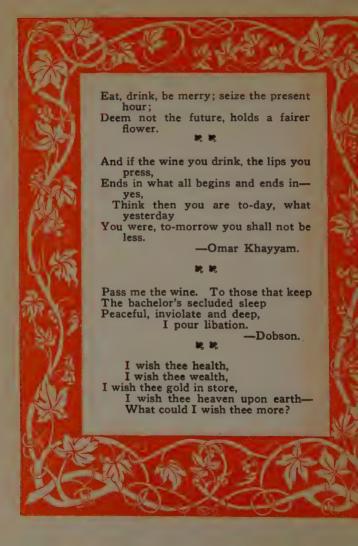
He who loves not his country can love nothing.

—Byron.

May the bloom of the face never extend to the nose.

Our absent friends! Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

Come, messmates, fill the cheerful bowl! To-night let no one fail. No matter how the billows roll. Or roars the ocean gale. There's toil and danger in our lives. But let us jovial be. And drink to sweethearts and to wives On Saturday night at sea! -Taylor. Love thee?-so well, so tenderly Thou'rt loved, adored by me, Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty, Were worthless without thee. Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare. Life's cup before me lay, Unless thy love were mingled there, I'd spurn the draught away. I takes my pipe, I takes my pot; And drunk I am never seen to be; I'm no teetotaler, or sot, And as I am I mean to be. -Gilbert.





Here's to the man who drinks when he's dry.

And drinks till his humor is mellow; And here's to the man who, perhaps isn't dry,

But drinks just to be a good fellow.

10 Mg

Here's to the man without a shirt to his back,

May he deck himself out with a dickey;

And here's to the man, who of rums finds a lack,

May he fill himself up with gin rickey.

3° 3°

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone,

A woman of her gentle sex The seeming paragon;

To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air

"Tis less of earth than heaven.
—Edward C. Pinckney.

Here's a turkey when you are hungry, Champagne when you are dry, A pretty girl when you are lonely, And heaven when you die!

M M

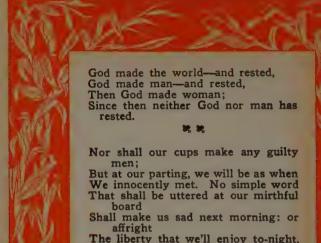
Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all to be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
—Herrick.

25 35

God made man frail as a bubble; God made Love, Love made Trouble. God made the Vine; was it a sin That Man made Wine to drown Trouble in?

% %

Here's to Old Adam's crystal ale, Clear, sparkling and divine, Fair H2O, Long may you flow! We drink your health (in wine).



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-Ben Johnson.

One drink is plenty; Two drinks too many, And three not half enough.

A day for toil, an hour for sport, But for a friend is life too short. —Emerson.



